

Oxford Democrat.

Volume 7.

Paris, Maine, Tuesday, April 21, 1840.

Number 36.

OXFORD DEMOCRAT,
PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY BY
Geo. W. Gifford,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS.—One dollar and fifty cents in advance—one dollar and seventy-five cents at the end of six months; two dollars at the end of the year, to which twenty-five cents will be added if payment be delayed beyond six months.

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted on reasonable terms, the proprietor not being accountable for any error beyond the amount charged for the advertisement.

BOOK & JOB PRINTING

Executed with neatness and despatch.

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Southern Literary Messenger.

JUDITH BENSADDI.

A TALE.

CHAPTER I.

SOMETIMES a single incident at the outset of a man's career, may determine the course and color of his after life. He may find himself placed, unexpectedly, in such critical circumstances, that by a decision which cannot be delayed, he has the prospect of making, yet the apprehension of marling, his fortune during life.

An unlooked-for tide in his affairs may seem ready to bear him away to the islands of the happy; but he fears by the way some hidden rocks and quicksands by which all his hopes are in danger of being wrecked and engulfed forever. He stands upon the shore in trembling perplexity, strongly tempted yet afraid to embark. The tide of fortune begins to ebb; warning him that time and tide wait for no man; and that procrastination will be the death of opportunity. He still hesitates, painfully suspended between the attractions of hope and the repulsive suggestions of fear. The tide is gone; the happy opportunity has fled; he discovers too late, that the danger was imaginary and the offered good inestimable. Then does he bewail his indecision, and reproach himself though life for the neglect of that golden opportunity. A bright lovely object had, like a heavenly meteor, flashed upon his sight, and kindled his feelings to a glow. As it shone upon his enraptured vision, it invited him over the waters to its region of felicity; but when he delayed to answer the call, it vanished forever from his sight, and left him weeping upon the desolate shore. His only consolation was, that the result, though unfortunate, was not fatal, and still left open to him the humble path of exertion and the ordinary prospects of life, to which he had formerly looked. Reflection teaches him the salutary lesson, that the accidental opportunity was an act of Divine providence, throwing rare circumstances into conjunction, to show man that his way is not in himself; and that his own conduct in so extraordinary a case, is evidence of weakness and futility, which should humble him beneath the mighty hand that sways the destiny of man.

Such a critical tide of fortune once occurred in the affairs of my life. It gave occasion to these reflections; and was of so rare and striking a character, as to make a story somewhat interesting and instructive. I proceed to record it, not only for the entertainment, but the admonition of the young reader; who should learn from it to act promptly as well as prudently, in critical conjectures, and never to indulge any feelings in regard to human affairs to such excess as to disqualify himself for the exercise of a cool and dispassionate judgement. This is the lesson which I would now teach him, from the most affecting portion of all my experiences.

CHAPTER II.

I was born and educated in Rockridge, a country that lies in the great valley of Virginia, and derives its name from that famous curiosities the Natural Bridge. My parents were respectable, but in such moderate circumstances, that they could afford me nothing more than a good education. Our residence was on the North River side, near Lexington, the seat of Washington College, an institution which has never made an ostentatious display of its claims to public notice, but which has nevertheless produced a large number of good scholars and excellent men. Here, of course, I pursued my liberal studies. We lived so near the village that I could attend all its schools without boarding away from home. This prevented in my case, what often happens in others, a breach of domestic attachments by early absence and long association with scenes and persons at a distance from the parental domain. All my pleasures during the freshness and ardor of youth, were associated with home and kindred and the beautiful scenery of my birthplace.

Having by years of diligent application, obtained a distinguished place among the graduates of my college, which does not bestow its honors with a lavish hand, I took myself ambitiously, and I may add, successfully, to a course of professional studies, under a learned gentleman of the village, whose office I frequently visited while I kept my lodgings at home. My industry was the more energetic, because my worldly hopes depended on my personal exertions; and I was resolved to make up for my want of fortune by mental accomplishments and professional ability. Before I had finished the extensive task allotted to myself, I suffered a disheartening check upon my exertions. Excessive application to books, gradually brought on me the symptoms of a consumption—the penalty often paid for literary ambition. Still, though aware of danger, I was loth to quit my books. But the frequent cough and the hectic spot on a pale cheek, alarmed my

friends so much that they called in a physician to aid them with his authority in persuading me to desist. His warning voice added to their anxious remonstrances, at length overcame my reluctance to quench the lamp of study; yet I did reluctantly, even when I knew the persistence would extinguish the lamp of life; so treacherous a guide is even the noblest passion, and so needful of control. I consented, however, to fly from the sharp air of the mountains and to spend the approaching winter in the warm plains of the South. I promised also to abstain from all study, and to apply myself wholly to the social pleasures and amusements, which might cheer my drooping spirits and promote the restoration of my health.

When the chill winds of November admonished me to depart, I prepared to travel along on horseback. My simple preparations being soon completed, I bade a sorrowful adieu to my friends and to the homestead of my youth, where every object was pleasant and dear to my soul. Never had I felt so melancholy. My previous absences from home had been only short excursions for amusement; my local attachments were strong and unbroken; my little circle of kindred and friends were nearly all the world to me. My journey was a solitary one to a strange land; my disease I knew to be always insidious & often fatal. I was subjected constitutionally to fits of mental dejection. How could I be otherwise than sad? I was in fact plunged into the deepest gulf of despondency. When I reached the top of the Blue Ridge, a lonely fugitive from home, breathing short from obstructed lungs, going far away for the first time, to live and not improbably, to die among strangers, I turned to take what might be my last look over the woody hills and the cedar cliffs, that bent the river bold round my paternal home. I saw the smoke in bluish wreaths ascending from the peaceful nook. I began to weep—yes, though a man grown, I wept like a child when I waved my hand to bid the unutterable adieu to my native land, and turned my horse's head down the southern declivity of the mountain.

I pursued my journey moping and sometimes despairing, but occasionally interested, and the more so as I went farther on, with the new scenes through which I passed, and the new aspects of human life that occurred to my observation. I arrived safely, though still in low health and spirits, at a village near the Savannah river, where I purposed to sojourn during the winter. The location was suitable in every respect; the climate was mild, the society good, and one of my former college mates was the most popular physician in the place. By him I was soon introduced into some of the most agreeable families in the town and neighborhood. Now I learned the salutary lesson, that the accidental opportunity was an act of Divine providence, throwing rare circumstances into conjunction, to show man that his way is not in himself; and that his own conduct in so extraordinary a case, is evidence of weakness and futility, which should humble him beneath the mighty hand that sways the destiny of man.

Such a critical tide of fortune once occurred in the affairs of my life. It gave occasion to these reflections; and was of so rare and striking a character, as to make a story somewhat interesting and instructive. I proceed to record it, not only for the entertainment, but the admonition of the young reader; who should learn from it to act promptly as well as prudently, in critical conjectures, and never to indulge any feelings in regard to human affairs to such excess as to disqualify himself for the exercise of a cool and dispassionate judgement. This is the lesson which I would now teach him, from the most affecting portion of all my experiences.

CHAPTER III.

To confirm my health and to enlarge my scanty knowledge of the world, I resolved to visit Charleston on my way home, and thence to take a sea-voyage round to the Chesapeake. Accordingly, when spring began to smile over the woods and fields, I bade my southern friends an affectionate farewell, and took a seat in Charleston stage, which left the village two hours before sun-rise. I found two other passengers within, but discovering by starlight only, that they were a man and a woman, I said nothing to them, and they said nothing to me, until day-light. We seemed on both sides, to feel a diffidence of venturing to address a stranger in the dark;—They once in a while spoke a few words to each other in a low and remarkably sweet tone of voice. This awakened in me a curiosity to see what manner of persons they were, whose half-whispered words sounded musically. When the dawn began to disclose the personal appearance of my fellow travellers, I was struck with their beauty. They were evidently brother and sister; the one being a masculine likeness of the other. They were in the bloom of youth, with complexions between brown and fair, raven black locks, and eyes moderately large, not quite jetty black, but star-bright interpreters of intellect and feel-

ing. Their faces were roundish oval, all the features in just proportion, and the expression of the whole vivacious and benign. In person, they were well shaped, the limbs plump and rounded, their stature of the middle height, and the body inclining to fulness. Nothing else in their personal appearance struck me as remarkable until I saw them walk, and then I noticed an easy and graceful agility of movement, indicating muscular elasticity, sprightliness of mind, and, as I thought, a cultivated taste.

The young lady struck me at once, and indeed at all times, as the most beautiful gem of humanity that I had ever seen. At first I considered her, but rather doubtfully, as a brunnette—a sweet pretty brunnette—but when I looked at her in the open air, and the full light of day, the ebony black of her flowing hair and the mild black of her strous eyes, contrasted so strongly with the delicate hue of her complexion, that I pronounced her so fair as to be only florid. I endeavored to criticise every part of her person and features—but, except what I have mentioned, I discovered nothing in the superlative degree—her round forehead was not very round; her nose had no very marked character; her mouth was neither wider nor narrower than common; her lips neither thick nor thin. The only striking circumstance about her mouth, was a sort of tremulous vivacity of muscle, ready to catch and to express the slightest movements of the soul. As to her chin and cheeks, I could not say that they were not dimpled; for the play of her features made dimples appear and vanish alternately.—Nor could I call her neck long and arched, as the necks of beauties are usually described—this young lady's was neither long nor short, though it tapered a little. Her foot was not very small, not a withered Chinese foot, but in good proportion to the person which it had to support. As to other first appearances, my fellow passengers were gently but not showily dressed, and had all the air of good breeding.

We soon dismissed all caution and reserve. We commenced conversation, and in a short time understood one another so well, as to feel assured that nothing would be said or taken amiss; so we poured ourselves forth without measure, and were soon flowing on with a full current of loquacity. My fellow passengers delighted me more than strangers had ever done—their speech was so intellectual, yet so modest—was set off with such a sparkling vivacity, yet with such a kindness of manner, that it raised in me the highest tide of social animation that I had experienced since my melancholy departure from home, or perhaps the highest that I had ever experienced.

But who were my new acquaintances? I had a great desire to know, but not the impertinence to ask. They spoke English with the perfect ease and idiom of well-educated natives of England or America, but in their persons differed from my notion of the anglo-saxon race. The course of our conversation, however, soon led us to speak of the people of different countries. I alluded to my Virginia mountaineers—they, to their fellow cockneys, and to London as their native city. Their name, Bensaddi, soon afterwards mentioned, sounded in my ears like an Italian name; and I shrewdly conjectured that their dark eyes and hair, with their brumotish complexion, were due to the influence of an Italian, perhaps of a Sicilian sun, upon their ancestors.

I was now curious to know the object and course of their travels. As if he had perceived my curiosity on the subject, the open-hearted young gentleman took occasion to tell me the following particulars. The father having some business with a planter in the West Indies, had sent his son to attend to it; the sister took a fancy to accompany him, and had, after much pleading, obtained their father's consent, that she might see the curiosities of nature in the torrid zone, and the 'black man in the miseries of West Indian bondage, and the white man in the highest state of freedom, as he is in your happy country,' said the young gentleman, politely.

Miss Bensaddi sees men in the extremes of slavery and freedom here,' said I, candidly. 'Not so far gone in the dark extreme of slavery,' said he, 'for West Indian bondage is worse than yours; though I confess that the mildest form of slavery is a degradation bitter to the feelings of mankind.'

'Yes, sir, to us it would be intolerable galling, because we have the birth-right and the sentiment of freedom. But happily for the poor negroes, they have not known the state of freedom, nor imbibed its sentiments; hence they are not aggrieved by a sense of degradation and wrong.—Born to slavery, they grow up with minds conformable to their condition, and rarely, if left to themselves, brood over the hardships of their lot; but finding their parents, themselves, and nearly all their race, placed in it by Divine Providence, their only thought is to make the best of their condition which is not without its comforts and advantages.'

'True, sir, you have accounted for a fact, which is little known in England, and which both surprised and gratified us, when we observed it in America. The slaves, in general, seem to be as contented and merry a set of beings as any in the world. They laugh, and sing, and dance, not to "drive dull care away," for dull care seems never to visit them: they seem to think, as they themselves belong to their master, he is bound to take their care into the bargain; so they throw the vexations back upon his shoulders, and leap for very lightness of heart at their deliverance.'

'Now brother, (said the young lady, playfully) did not I tell you when we left Savannah, that you staid much longer among these merry slaves, you would renounce abolitionism and defend

slavery as the best condition of poor laborers.—I know what care worn-wretches most of our hireling laborers and small jobbers are at home, especially the mechanics and manufacturers; how hard they must work for a scanty subsistence, while they are healthy and strong; how precarious their resources, and how little they can hope to lay up for their future support; and consequently, what a miserable prospect the have for the coming days of sickness and old age—having nothing better to rely upon than the comfort of the parish hospital, with a scanty dole of public charity often grudgingly administered. What a contrast of your light-hearted slaves, who are sure of a competency without care on their part, a provision which they look to as their right, and enjoy without the mortification of being dependent on charity. Thus released from the care of providing for themselves and their families, their only remaining care is how to get easily through the hours of labor, and merrily through all the rest. Now, brother, have you not proved that we ought to renounce abolitionism.'

'Not yet, my sister. You have made an ingenious web of my argument, and thrown it dexterously over my own head: but you have not so fastened the loopholes, but that I might escape its entanglements. Every thing that has length and breadth has two sides, you know. So has slavery, and so has free labor. I turned up the bright side of slavery, and you showed the dark side of free labor. The contrast was strikingly advantageous to slavery—so you clapped, without further ceremony, this inference upon me, as the conclusion of the whole matter. That was not fair—was it, sir?'

'You need not appeal, brother, for I acknowledge that I was too hasty. But, sir, (said she, addressing me) we are greatly gratified at one result of our observations thus far in America.—We have discovered that negro slavery is not on all sides so dark and doleful as we had imagined. It has, indeed, some cheerful sunny spots, delightful to look upon. Brother, tell Mr. Garamendi of the pleasant scenes that we witnessed at Col. P.—s, where we saw the negro wedding.—That sight would have convinced any one that slaves might be happy in their slavery. It was an example in point—or what I have heard Dr. Magruder call, an equal demonstration. Do tell it, brother.'

'Tell it yourself, Judith, for you enjoyed the sight fully as much as I did, and you probably remember the circumstances better.'

A slight tinge of rose-colored modesty suffused her cheek, as she hesitated a moment to answer.

'Well, sir, an impulsive sketch is an impulsive—We went by invitation to the hospitable mansion of Col. P.—s. On approaching the house we observed a large party of slaves, before one of the quarters, by the yard fence, and we were struck with their tidy apparel and joyous looks. Seeing us regard them with interest, Col. P.—s remarked they were to have a wedding among them that evening. When we expressed our pleasure at their appearance, and our curiosity to observe their manners & customs, he told us that we could have the opportunity of witnessing the whole affair, if we pleased, as some of his family always attended their marriage ceremonies; and that we could look in upon their supper and ball, after the ceremony was over. We gladly embraced the offer, and were much gratified with more than the novelty of the sight. These slaves had more comfortable accommodations and were more civilized than the West India slaves; and we thought, more also than the generality of slaves that we had seen in this country. The reason was, that they had an excellent master. I never anywhere saw so gladsome a wedding party. There was, of course, nothing elegant or refined—but there was enough of finery in their dresses indeed, a profusion of gay colors and flaunting ribbons, and gewgaws in their bushy curls; with all which their simple fancies were mightily pleased.

I was, myself, exceedingly gratified with the smiling token of her satisfaction, as it played over her beautiful features. But what did that signify? Travellers generally like company, though it be not particularly agreeable—but for all that, when the smile was caught playing so sweetly over her countenance, I felt it glide down immediately into my heart, and nestling there, produce a series of agreeable little titillations. But Mr. Bensaddi thus continued.

'We are total strangers in this country—we have not a single acquaintance higher than Boston. To meet with a companion every way agreeable is very gratifying to a land traveller, and particularly so to a voyager. One who has travelled much feels this pleasure the more sensibly, because he has been annoyed with accidental companionships, which not only plague him for an hour, but stick and grow to him like barnacles and make heavy sailing for the poor wight, whether it be on land or water. I am the more inclined, therefore, to stick like a barnacle myself, when I fall in with a choice companion. I wish your route coincided with ours all the way.'

'I wish so too, Mr. Bensaddi; but my route from Norfolk leads me westward to Richmond, & thence still westward to my home in the mountains. I should be much pleased if your curiosities led you to visit my native valley—it's scenery is fine, and well worthy of a traveller's attention.'

'I should delight to visit the Natural Bridge, (said Judith, with kindling eyes.) Is that near your residence?'

'Within fifteen miles; and that single object would reward a trip to the mountains.'

'Writers describe it as great curiosities; but I have a very imperfect conception of it.'

'Turning to her brother, she said, 'Oh brother! how can we leave the continent, where such an object may be seen, and not go to enjoy the sight? I would cheerfully travel a thousand miles to see that bridge, so grand, so beautiful.—Nature's sole specimen of divine art in the construction of a bridge. Is it not, Mr. Garamendi? Or does the world contain another?'

'I think you are right, Miss Bensaddi; though Humboldt describes a natural bridge in the Andes; but it is not like ours. There is a solid arch, but very inferior, and also a broken arch composed of loose rocks, which by a rare accident in falling down a deep narrow chasm, got wedged together and continued firmly lodged against the sides at a great height from the bottom. The bridge itself is of difficult approach, and the bottom of the fissure is inaccessible.'

'Oh, yes; now I remember to have read of it.'

That must be a wild place—but it is not comparable to your Natural Bridge. It has less appearance of design in its formation—it is not made by man, with such care by its incomparable architect, nor with such admiration of its lofty proportions, struck off with Nature's regardless, but master hand. It is not very wonderful to see lone reeds caught midway down a great mountain cliff, through the scene so romantic enough—but to see a real bridge, built by nature for a highway, skillfully designed for it, then cut with an axe 15 feet of the solid mountain rock—defying all human power to shake it, and human art to match its magnificence—springs its grand arches aloft—so mighty a mass, yet so high, so airy, so light. Oh, brother, can we not go to see it? I have also received your letter of the 17th instant, requesting me to inform you when I would present the petition. Having declined to present the petition, it is, perhaps, due to the fair petitioners, and to you, their organ, as well as to myself to state some of the reasons which dictate my course. The constitutional right of petition is contained in the first article of amendments, as follows:

"Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof; or abridging the freedom of speech, or of the press; or the right of the people peaceably to assemble, and to petition the Government for a redress of grievances."

Congress has never made a law abridging this right, but the people assemble at pleasure, and petition at pleasure, for a redress of grievance. Of course, this part of the Constitution has not been violated; and if it did not exist, Congress could not, constitutionally, have passed such a law because no such power is delegated to Congress. This right, reserved to the people, does not devolve upon the presiding officer of the Senate the obligation of presenting petitions of every conceivable description.

There are considerations of a more political, as well as of a constitutional nature, which would not permit me to present petitions, of a character evidently hostile to the Union, and destructive of the principles on which it is founded. The patriots of the Revolution made great sacrifices of blood and treasure to establish and confirm the doctrines set forth in the Declaration of Independence. Each was then an independent sovereign; and to form a perpetual Confederacy for the safety and benefit of the whole, embodying the great doctrines of the declaration, a compromise of interest and feeling was necessary. That compromise was made; and the principle which your fair petitioners are now agitating, was settled. The right of regulating and abolishing slavery was reserved to the States; and Congress have no more right to destroy slavery in Virginia and Maryland, than they have to establish slavery in New York or New England. The right of petition for these objects is reciprocal; and the obligation of the presiding officer to present a petition to the Senate, if it exist in either case, is equally strong in both. But I cannot recognize the obligation in either case, though I acknowledge the right of the people in both. Is a difference made between the District of Columbia, and the States of Maryland and Virginia, from which it was taken? The question was settled in relation to this District of Columbia, by the formation and adoption of the Federal Constitution, when it was a part of those States; and a subsequent section of jurisdiction could not deprive the citizens of the rights already secured to them by both the Federal Constitution and the Constitutions of their respective States. The right of Congress to exercise exclusive legislation in all cases whatever, does not mean omnipotent legislation. Congress have no right, in the District of Columbia, to take away the right of trial by jury; to pass an *ex post facto* law; to abridge the freedom of speech or of the press; to establish religion by law; not to destroy the rights of property, or personal liberty of the citizen. These reserved rights are as sacred in the District of Columbia as in the State of New York. They have the same right to consider the abolition of slavery in New York a grievance, and petition to Congress to establish it there, as the citizens of New York have to consider it a grievance in the District, and petition Congress to abolish it. Their right, in either case to assemble peaceably and make their petition, I do not call in question; but the obligation on my part to present it to the Senate, I do not admit.

Among other entertainments which my native land affords to the visitor, especially if his mind be imbued with the love of nature, I mentioned the fine views from the mountain tops; and I suggested that I had made some delightful excursions to the House Mountain near Lexington, & could never forget the splendid prospects that its lofty summit spreads before the spectator.

This suggestion had the intended effect. My companions instantly besought me to describe my visits to the House Mountain. No longer coy, with memory and imagination on the wing, I was commencing a prelude to my story, when the coach stopped for dinner and gave me the opportunity of arranging my thoughts a little. As soon as we resumed our journey, I was called on to proceed, which I did substantially as follows.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

IMPORTANT NAVAL MOVEMENTS.

Orders have recently been dispatched to all the naval stations to have every thing put in readiness for immediate service. The late movements of the British authorities respecting the Maine boundary line is the probable cause.

Commodore Renshaw, of this station, has received instructions to complete the steam frigate now on the stocks with all possible despatch, and Capt. M. C. Perry, late of the Fulton, is to take command of her. Additional workmen have been employed and she is now nearly all planked. The Independence and Fairfield, just arrived from Rio, and the Relief, are to be kept in commission. The Columbia and John Adams shortly expected from the East Indies, are also to be prepared for sea again immediately. The ships of war now on the stocks are to be got ready for launching, and the two seventy fours moored off the Navy Yard, to be prepared at short notice. The crews of those vessels just arrived are to be paid off immediately so that they can spend their money and rejoin again. None of the officers can have leave of absence, but are to hold themselves in readiness for service.

Such is the nature of the instructions lately received from Washington, and such have been sent to every Navy Yard. What do they indicate? N. Y. Herald.

for a phantom which we can never gain, however enthusiastically we may pursue it. As a free, a powerful, and a happy nation, we stand unrivaled in the annals of the world.

Turning the eye alternately to every region of our country, it is greeted with the smiles of happiness, amid the scenes of liberty, and peace, and plenty; and yet imagination frequently pauses upon the localities which remind us of the price at which those blessings were gained. Do we compare our condition with that of adjoining colonies? We look to Quebec—and there Montgomerie fell. We return to view the beautiful town of Boston and take our stand on Bunker Hill—there Warren died. We cross the delightful fields of Connecticut—there Wooster died. We continue our observation through the Jerseys, till we reach Princeton—there Mercer perished.

Even from the Capitol in which we are assembled, we cast a look to the South, and the heights of Vernon remind us that the mighty Washington slumbers there, who forsook these peaceful shades for the toils, the dangers, and the privations of the saugine field, where, with thousands of others equally brave and patriotic, the enemies of our rights were defeated. It is at the price of their blood that we, in common with your fair petitioners, now enjoy these blessings. When these rights were again threatened, I regarded it my duty, in humble imitation of those apostles and martyrs of liberty, to offer my own life upon the altar of my country, to confirm to you and to them the permanent enjoyment of those blessings. A merciful Providence protected me, and I found a twofold recompence in the preservation of our institutions.

With these views, I cannot reconcile it to my sense of duty to present the petition. I shall enter into no discussion on the principle of slavery, as that is not involved in the subject. I can view it in no other light than that of an interference with the constitutional rights of others, and in such a way as tends to the destruction of the rich inheritance purchased by the blood and toil of the fathers of the Revolution. Another circumstance exists, aside from what I have noticed above, which would make me reluctant to present this petition—it comes from ladies, ordained by nature, and by the customs of all civilized nations, to occupy a higher place in society than that of petitioners to a legislative body.

If courtesy could induce me, on a subject that could not become a matter of injurious notoriety, to present a petition from females, yet I should regard it purely as a matter of curiosity, and not of constitutional right. The rights of women are secure through the coarser sex—their fathers, their husbands, and their brothers. It is the right of a woman to maintain modest retirement in the bustle of politics and war. She does not appear at the polls to vote, because she is privileged to be represented there by man. She does not serve on juries, nor perform the duties of the bailiff or executioner, because it would be a degradation of her dignity. She does not take up arms and meet her country's foes; because she is a privileged character, and man is her substitute, who represents her in all these drudgeries. Every man is bound, by the perfect law of custom, of nature, and of honor, to protect and serve her. This is the light in which the law of God places the woman. She is veiled and silent even in religious discussions; not because she is unworthy, but because she is exempt from the strife of man; and it is her right to observe that reflected modesty which renders her the object of admiration and esteem. In this respect the Constitution of our country is established upon the principle of the Divine law. If the rights of man are inviolable, they are, of course, confirmed to women; and the most dignified of the sex are the least inclined to meddle with public matters. I presume females, who sign petitions, would not consent to the publication of their names. I should be very reluctant to be accessory to an act which should, in any degree, cast a shade of reproach upon an individual of that sex, whose modest dignity is the glory of man. Thus, sir, I have frankly stated my views in returning the petition, as I now do.

I trust you will not deem it disrespectful to you nor to the ladies for whom you act. Be assured that, for yourself individually, I entertain high respect; and could I serve you personally, it would give me great pleasure to do so. Though a stranger to the signers of the petition, I do not doubt the respectability of their character, and I deeply regret being requested, on their behalf, to perform an act, with which I cannot consistently comply; but with the views which I entertain, I cannot better testify my regard for them than by returning the petition.

Most respectfully,
R. H. M. JOHNSON.
LEWIS TAPPAN, Esq., New-York City.

THE TEN HOUR SYSTEM.—It would be seen from a notification published in the Washington Globe, that the President of the United States has joined the Trades Unions, and has ordered that all Mechanics and Laborers, employed upon the public works, under the authority of the Departments, shall be required to work only according to the Ten Hour System. This is making a serious inroad upon the long established habits of the industrious portion of our community. It appears to us not very judicious, and certainly not very economical, for the President of the United States, by his official authority, to introduce such a change, in the usages of the country.—*Boston Advertiser.*

The preceding paragraph from a Federal paper, shows with what sincerity the opposition

claims to be the friends of the Laboring Classes.

A movement by the President of the United

States in favor of the workingmen, is set down at once, as "not very judicious and certainly not very economical!" Eastern Argus.

Having endeavored to show what *money* is, its value, use and its operations in business, we will now turn our attention to its *paper representatives*, which is more directly the object of my letters.

Promissory notes and bills of exchange are of equal

value with money only while they can be readily exchanged for it, and must lose their worth in proportion

as the credit of those who issue them, sinks; nor can any one doubt the truth of this or its just application

to all paper money or bonds and notes taken instead of real money.

The past history of this and other countries shows

too plainly that the want of all methods of supplying

OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

PARIS, APRIL 7, 1840.

Young Men's Convention.

The Democratic Young Men of the several Towns and Plantations in Oxford County are requested to meet at the Court House on Paris Hill on WEDNESDAY, the sixth day of May next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, for the purpose of effecting a more thorough organization under the broad banner of Democracy, and to take such measures for the same as may be thought necessary and proper. All who take an interest in the political affairs of the country are respectfully invited to attend.

March, 1840.

THE DEMOCRATIC YOUNG MEN'S COUNTY CONVENTION.

Mr. Editor.—I am happy to see that at least a portion of the democracy of our County are awake to their duty, and are determined to make all necessary preparations, for carrying on a campaign in which much strength will be needed, and in which our enemies will contest strenuously every inch of ground.

It will be a mighty contest, for in it is involved the great and vital interests of the nation—the great questions which divide the democracy and the modern whigs. If we still hold the reins of government we may hope to bring about that which is most desirable, a reform in our currency, if we loose, and a man placed in the Presidential chair who like upon

pet will dance as Clay and Webster may move the wires, then we may expect a national bank fastened upon us with all its attendant evils, and fastened too in a manner never to be removed but by force, aye, by anarchy and civil war. But the only prospect of their success is inaction. But if I judge correctly of the times the democracy throughout the nation are already on the alert.

That the watchword of "be at your post," has already been given and that it has sounded from one extremity of the Union to the other.

Yes I am glad that so good a spirit is abroad in this county, our strength has hitherto been unknown even to ourselves. Then let the war-cry be sounded. "The enemy are upon us!"—that enemy that would rob us of equal rights and

and equal privileges. Let the sound be given from hill-top and valley. Let it reverberate from

one extremity of our county to the other and then

when election day comes you will find a mighty gathering of hardy freemen, a gathering that shall

strike terror and dismay into the ranks of our

enemies, a gathering that shall make them cry out as with one voice, what shall we do to save our

shining party, to revive our fallen hopes? Then

turn out to the Convention both young and old, go and see, and associate with your fellow-labourers in a good, a just, and a holy cause. Go and

there interchange such views as will make all of you wise and happier and will kindle anew in your breasts the fire of patriotism, of equal political rights.

The Convention is called by the young men.—I like their spirit they are the ones to be most active in a political as well as a martial campaign. "Young men for war and old men for council." Then let the old turn out and council with the young. Yes, all meet together as a band of brothers joined and be agreed in a holy cause upon which hangs the future destinies of our happy

country. REMEMBER THE SIXTH OF MAY, AND BE PUNCTUAL.

A.

WHIG CATECHISM.

Who is the greatest General?

William Henry Harrison of Ohio.

Why?

Because he never lost a battle.

Why did he never lose a battle?

Because he never fought one.

Who is the bravest man?

Gen. Harrison.

Why is he called the brave?

Because only about a hundred of his men were massacred at Tippecanoe; because Major Croghan defended fort Stevenson contrary to the

orders of Gen. Harrison; because he was defeated at the river Raisin; because through a spy-glass, saw about six hundred of his men killed or taken prisoners at the attack upon fort Meigs; and because Col. Johnson killed Tecumseh at the battle of the Thames.

What badge of honor was conferred upon him for these distinguished services?

The ladies of Chillicothe presented him with a

peacock.

Who is the poorest man?

Gen. Harrison.

Why?

Because he has received a princely fortune from the public coffers.

Who is called the peoples log cabin candidate?

Gen. Harrison.

Why?

Because he lives in one of the most splendid establishments on the Ohio, and receives a salary of ten thousand dollars a year on which to support his retinue of servants.

Who is the weakest man?

Gen. Harrison.

Why?

Because he received his peacock with gratitude and has consented to be put under guardianship.

High School!

We would give notice to the Public, that a School will be opened in this village, on the first Monday in May. The various branches of education, will be comprised in those commonly taught in High Schools, including Latin, Greek &c. Tuition \$3 per term. We hope our friends in the neighboring towns, will give it a liberal support.

BANKS AND BANKING.

LETTER II.

Money, being the common medium of exchange among all civilized nations, must consist of a material which has a value of its own, which value any man is willing to accept in exchange for his property. From its particular form and stamp it is called money in contradistinction to other articles which have value, and which are not and cannot easily or usefully be made a medium of exchange.

It is true that different nations in earlier and less civilized periods of the world have chosen different materials as their medium of exchange, but all having some similarity to the present. As the world has advanced in civilization and trade all other materials have given place to the precious metals, which derive their peculiar value from the smallness of their quantity, their being little subject to corrosion and diminution by use, their susceptibility of division, their convenience in transportation, and their quantity being increased only by dint of industry. By law these metals are divided into different coins, each bearing upon its face its relative value, which furnishes its holder the superscription of the authority by which he is authorized to circulate the same.

The circulation of gold and silver, like every other commodity, depends upon its plenty and scarceness, or the quantity in circulation, compared with the demand for it, subject to the labour required in extracting it from the mines and refining it. Gold being much more valuable than silver is occasioned by its scarcity or the greater amount of labour in procuring it. The comparative value of silver to gold in this country is about as 1 to 15 1/27, and the relative value is about the same in all parts of the world, as it costs but a trifling to transport either, and both being articles of great value every where.

The expressions that we so often hear that "money is scarce," "times are hard," &c. &c. are in a great degree cant phrases, unthought of expressions with but little real meaning, as the quantity of the material of which it is manufactured is at all times about the same. We may safely say that it increases by working the mines as fast as it diminishes by its manufacture into articles of ornaments and dress.

And now let us see what are the real money wants of the community. The mechanic wants money enough to pay his labour and to pay for the raw material which he consumes. The merchant wants money enough to pay manufacturers and producers for their goods, and the last consumer needs it to pay in exchange for what he eats, drinks and wears; and if either of these classes have not enough for these purposes there is thereby a scarcity with that particular class; but in this case there is not a real scarcity or deficiency of coined metals. Such scarcity arises from a want of industry or by turning their industry into a misjudged channel. For instance, if the attention of the farmer of this State was directed exclusively to the growing of pork for the Boston market and before that article had become marketable with us, the market at Boston should be fully supplied with pork from the western States, then that of our farmer would remain unsold, not because money is scarce, but because there is no inducement for its possessors to part with it for so small a price as they would necessarily have to, and instead of sacrificing their pork our farmers would obtain money on credit. At such a time as this, the market in this State would be worth more than in the west, as it would command a larger interest, consequently money would be brought here from the west; and in this way a scarcity of real money will ever work its own cure without any apparent distress among the people. Then when more money flows into any section of the country than is required to pay for what that section actually produces, it becomes of less value, and the money price of merchandise of greater, and thus it would gradually change from one section to another, industry being the only means of ever keeping money in any section of country.

When Spain and Portugal first worked the rich mines of South America, large quantities of gold and silver were carried into those countries, the effect of which was to make the people indolent in the extreme, insomuch that they chiefly discarded their productive avocations, and sought riches from the mines of the New World. The result was to drain these two countries of money to procure the necessities of life, even faster than the mines afforded it, which has been the principal cause of their degradation and distress, for they were not only losing in point of wealth, but were making barren one of the finest portions of the globe as well as debasing the great mass of the people and bringing them into a worse than Russian state of vassalage. Hence we may infer that the only way for a people to be, and remain prosperous, is to foster and encourage domestic and internal industry. But to suppose that a great quantity of money is to bring about so desirable a result is as futile as the attempt to mingle oil and water, for money will never stay in a country that does not contain goods upon which it may be expended, but will ever seek the objects of desire.

The Salers of a war being pondered, the it may be

a momentary scarcity of money is the issuing of paper as a substitute, particularly to an amount beyond what can be upon demand converted into cash, for this kind of circulating medium, neither be, only worth as much as can be realized from it in gold and silver, hence it should ever be founded upon a firm specific basis. To show the folly of such a course, we need only refer to the Continental paper issued by the American Congress during the Revolution, or to the French Assignats urged upon the people by Mirabeau and his associates for the sole purpose of enriching themselves to the great distress of their then bleeding country. The assignats were kept in circulation for a time by the violence of Robespierre and such kindred spirits as reviled with him in his scenes of bloodshed and assassination, but when Providence rid that unhappy country of those tyrants, this paper currency fell a dead weight upon the hands of the French people, and need I say to their almost ruined distress?

But why refer to the history of other countries, or go back in our own to so remote a period, to prove the evils arising from the over issue of paper money, when the every day experience of all has forced the facts upon them in a manner not to be misunderstood. It has shown to them clearly that something must be done, and that speedily, or this whole nation will be thrown into a state of anarchy and confusion, such as no nation has ever witnessed or experienced from an ill regulated currency.

Our present system of Banking tends to foster, in fact is the only creating hand of these wild scenes of speculation with which our country is so often deluged, impoverished, and disgraced, sustaining them no longer than till their victim has approached the verge of ruin, the very precipice of destruction, then for self preservation the Banks withdraw their sustenance and let the speculator fall, nay, plunge into the gulf of irretrievable ruin, wide open to seize him, never again to rise; and with him fall others, both rich and poor, who have been drawn into his vortex by the splendor of his career, the halo of his momentary glory, and have shone as so many stars twinkling around the resplendent orb of night. But the tempest comes, the dark and fearful clouds of distress have overspread the fair sky of their now past hopes, and they are forever hidden from an eager and wondering world, to be lost only as those that were, but are not.

This same system, while it encourages speculation, does not fail to encourage indolence, extravagance, and a long train of woes, that are walking "hand in glove," through this country, putting a blush upon the fair cheek of honest industry, and causing modest economy to retire upon their licentious and ravaging approach. Morality, though stern in her aspect, loses her wonted superiority, is forced to yield the palm, deserts her throne, and hides herself among the week and lonely few, mourning over her fast falling subjects, and at the rapid strides of the tyrant of dissipation and debauchery wielding his tremendous influence, being backed and supported by the monied aristocracy, and the monied institutions of the country, all gathering around them the robe of self-styled *decency*, and who look down from high places, from thrones of paper money upon the lowly in life, the honest laborer as composing the vulgar herd, the rabble, the leveling, agrarians, and loco-focos of the land.

Having drawn out my letter to an unusual length and not having finished what I intended to write you upon this branch of my subject, I will close by promising to renew it in my next.

Yours truly, Trouous.

The Boston Herald—a neutral paper in politics—contains the following paragraph:

"Some of the political papers are endeavoring to show that the present trouble, and likelihood of war with England, is occasioned by the administration, for the sake of distracting the public attention from their 'mal practices'—and that the President desires war, to advance himself!—The political papers have advanced some preposterous arguments, but this beats all;—at the same time they acknowledge that they *cannot* see how any benefit can be derived from a war by the administration!"

We are glad to see that some even of the most violent opponents of the administration have good sense enough to scat at the idea, and give the President credit—as he certainly deserves—of having acted throughout this whole controversy with England in a patriotic and noble manner!"

The Salem Gazette says: 'the more the idea of a war between Great Britain and the U. S. is pondered, the more absurd & impossible it seems.' It may be 'absurd' enough; but as for being 'impossible,' that is all nonsense. We have had two wars with England—we have given her a breakfast and dinner, and she now calls for supper.—If we must give her that also, let it be such an one as will stay in her stomach.—*Bost. Times.*

The whigs in this State appear to be very fond of poetry about these things. There are two lines, written by one Lord Byron—who was not comparable, to be sure, to Wm. Hayden, but who was still something of a poet—which we commend to their especial attention. They were written a short time previous to his lordship's death; when the spirit of prophecy must have been strong upon him. Here they are:—

"Naught's permanent among the human race,
Except the whigs NOT getting into place."

Nantucket Islander.

"When a whig tells you that there were no financial troubles under the U. S. Bank, show him Messrs Clay and Webster's speeches in 1824, and see if a bite of the same dog-dose will cure him. Try it.—*Columbian Register.*

The whigs but a large quantity of salaratus in their 'hard cider,' which now stains on either side of the face—*Ita dicitur.*—We have changed their minds upon these principles within the last three years, or reversed their opinion of the two candidates before them? We see no evidence of it. We believe that Mr. Van Buren is at this moment

From the Eastern Argus. The Boundary Question!

Some few of the Federal papers, which have heretofore been open-mouthed against Mr. Van Buren for his alleged timeliness and moderation upon the Boundary question, have now turned round and accused him, simply upon the strength of Mr. Forsyth's recent communication, of a desire for the sake of securing his re-election, to plunge the country needlessly into a War. These papers seem all at once to have discovered that there is no ground of war whatsoever—that the rights of Maine are not at all worth fighting about at present—and that the settlement of the Boundary Controversy is a matter of very little consequence compared with the election of Grannam Garrison to the Presidency! Although a few months ago, they thought the subject had then been negotiated beyond all human patience, and that the Administration was the most rascally in the world for not compelling its adjustment even by force of arms, they now roll up their eyes in holy astonishment that the President should even intimate the possibility of hostilities about it! Oh, the baseness of factious politicians!

A year ago, every body in the opposition ranks was declaiming against Government, because it suffered the question to linger any longer in controversy. "Take possession of the Territory at once," was the general cry, and if England afterwards chooses to fight for it, why let her come on, that's all! So much did the Federalists then affect the desire for War, that they gave vent to the most bitter complaints, because Gov. Fairfield consented to withdraw our troops from the Aroostook after they had accomplished the purpose for which they were sent there. The movement was ridiculous enough called "backing out," and the whole expedition as having done no good. Just as if there was any sense in keeping troops under pay for nearly whatever purpose!—Nothing, however, would satisfy the opposition according to their own protestations, but "regular built fighting"—they wanted a War!

But we know, too, or thought we knew, that England has shown no more respect for the "agreement" of last year, than she had before exhibited for the treaty of '83. In violation of both these pledges, she has ventured to invade our territory, and insulted us with a demand to withdraw our own civil force. The President indignantly refuses compliance with her insolent demand, and in his turn requires the recall of her Majesty's troops from the soil of Maine and the suspension of all military operations upon the land in controversy. To this effect Mr. Forsyth writes the British Minister, expressing the full intention of the Authorities at Washington, to stand by the Boundary Rights of the State of Maine. And now is that letter responded to by these presses to which we have referred? Do they shout for joy at its magnanimous and decided tone? Do they congratulate the Union that its noble cities have acted in a manner so consistent with its dignity and honor and have hurled back the haughty threats of an old and unscrupulous foe, with so much spirit and propriety? Do they, in a word, put the appearance of *distinct* issue upon the Boundary dispute, with gladness and satisfaction and rejoice that "negotiation" is likely at last to give way to action? Oh, no! nothing like it! They now shout against the President for being a fomenter of War! They denounce the Administration for desiring to purchase a continuance of power, by plunging the country into hostilities with England! "There is no necessity for war," they now cry out, "and the President only wants it for political effect—let the people rally for peace!" Oh! the rashness, we say again, of such factious politicians! What to them is patriotism, or honor, or right? They cried War! a few months ago, because it aided their party plans, and they cry Peace! now for the same reason. If their factious purposes could be aided thereby, they would to-morrow change their tune again, and throw up their caps for fighting. Such are the mean-spirited scoundrels who belong to the War party, in Peace, the Peace party in War, and the fault-finding party always!

The absurdity of the opposition charge, which we have alluded, is so manifest that a majority even of the Federal papers are ashamed to make it. It is only got up and circulated by those whose party malignity runs away with their better judgement, and those who have little or no judgement to be run away with. Cool, reflecting men of both parties join heartily and willingly to sustain the President, in his recent course upon the great subject in dispute, and do not hesitate to admit that his action in relation to it has been wise and discreet. When, too, was the discretion and ability of a man ever more highly complimented, than when the last Congress, by unanimous vote, placed in the hands of Mr. Van Buren the very keys, as it were, of the National Treasury, and entrusted to him the whole warlike power of the country to be called out at his individual will? It is idle to talk of Mr. Van Buren's precipitancy or want of patriotism—every candid man in the nation will give the lie to the charge.

But Mr. Van Buren, say these factious, is to make war to secure his re-election! What consummate nonsense! Why Mr. Van Buren is as sure of his re-election now, we doubt not, as he has ever been. What reason has he to doubt that he will succeed? He relies upon the same principles now which he avowed in 1832, and has the same candidus against him that he has ever had. And have the people changed their minds upon these principles within the last three years, or reversed their opinion of the two candidates before them? We see no evidence of it. We believe that Mr. Van Buren is at this moment

stronger in the support of the Union than when he was elected to his present station, and the canvass next fall will exhibit a most decided majority of the people in his favor.

We believe this because we are assured that the community are governed in their selection of a President, not by passion or prejudice, but by a calm consideration of the principles and character of the various candidates presented to them; and because, moreover, we do not doubt that they prefer the republican principles of the existing administration, to the Federal doctrines by which they are taught to be sup-

planted.

From the Eastern Argus.

NEW YORK CITY ELECTION. Free Principles Triumphant.

We record with warmest feelings of pleasure, the auspicious result of the election, held just Tuesday, in the City of New York.

Mr. VARIAN, the Democratic Candidate, has been re-elected, by a majority of SEVEN-TEEN HUNDRED AND FOUR—being a DEMOCRATIC GAIN, since last year, of SIX HUNDRED AND THIRTY SEVEN!

The Democrats have carried, also, *Twelve out of the Seventeen Wards*, and are therefore NOBLY TRIUMPHANT THROUGHOUT THE CITY.

Such, in a few words, is the result of the N. Y. elections: and, we repeat, we record it with no small satisfaction and joy. We do not, however, mean to rejoice over it as a thing wholly unexpected. It is not so. We had too much confidence in the sterling Democracy of our N. Y. friends to doubt seriously of their success. We knew, to be sure, that they had a desperate enemy to encounter, and would have to contend with all the bad means which a desperate party employs. We knew, too, that the opposition really hoped for victory, and, animated by that hope, would put forth their most powerful exertions to secure the city.

But we knew, too, or thought we knew, that the Democracy were a decided majority in New York, and we did not believe that they would tamely yield their rightful ascendancy into the hands of their invertebrate foes. We expected Victory, then, we say; and we congratulate our friends that we have not been disappointed.

The town elections generally in New York have resulted in a gain for the Democracy.—The vote of the city has now brought up the rear in the most auspicious manner. Every thing indicates the march of sound principles in the Empire State. *NEW YORK IS SAFE FOR VAN BUREN!*

THE CONVENTION.—The Washington correspondent of the Boston Post, in speaking of the proposed National Convention says:

I have taken much pains to ascertain what course the democratic party will generally pursue in relation to the Convention which New Hampshire first recommended to be held at Baltimore, in May. The conclusion is that no convention, which can be called National, will be held, and that so small a portion of the States will send delegates as to dispense with the attempt to organize a Convention.

PROBABLE LOSS OF THE SEA GULL.—The N. York Courier and Enquirer states that there is no much reason to apprehend that the pilot boat Sea Gull attached to the Exploring expedition, as tender to the United States sloop of war Vincennes has been lost, and that all on board perished.—She has not been heard of since the month of June last. Then she left Grange, Terra del Fuego, in company with the Flying Fish. A gale soon after arose and the latter succeeded in beating off the shore. This was the last seen of the Sea Gull. Lieutenants Reed, and Bacon, two promising young officers were on board. The Porpoise had been twice in search of her without success.—*Boston Times.*

Death of Captain Riley.—We regret to learn that Captain James Riley died on the 15th March, on board of his brig, the William Tell, bound to Mogadore, in the 63 year of his age.

Captain Riley was extensively known in this country and in Europe, as the author of a personal narrative of great interest, connected with his shipwreck and captivity among the wild Arabs on the southern coast of Africa, and his extraordinary sufferings, perils and adventures.

John Bull, the greedy rascal, is encroaching on our territory beyond the Rocky Mountains. He won't be easy until we give him a regular trouncing.—*Portland Transcript.*

DIED.

In Hallowell, 8th inst. Dr. James Hinckley, aged about 70. In Winthrop, Jan. 25th, Mrs. Elizabeth Ladd, aged 83 years. Formerly of N. Hampshire. In Phillips, on the 8th inst. Asa Robbins Esq., aged 48 years.

THE subscriber hereby gives public notice to all concerned that he has been duly appointed and taken upon himself the trust of Administrator on the estate of

JACOB BROWN.

late of Parlin in the county of Oxford, deceased, by giving bond as the law directs—He therefore requests all persons who are indebted to the said deceased's estate, to make immediate payment; and those who have any demands due to the estate to the same to

THOMAS GRISWOLD, Jr.

late of Parlin, in the county of Oxford, deceased, by giving bond as the law directs—He therefore requests all persons who are indebted to the said deceased's estate, to make immediate payment; and those who have any demands due to the estate to the same to

SAMUEL F. BROWN.

late of Buckfield, April 14, 1840.

COLLECTOR'S NOTICE—Turner.

NOTICE is hereby given to the nonresident proprietors of land or owners of land in the town of Turner, County of Oxford, and State of Maine, that the same are taxed for County tax and school district taxes in the amount of \$1000 for the year 1839, by the assessors of said town which remains unpaid as follows:

Ordered,

That the said administrator give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris, in said county, on the twenty-sixth day of May next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and show cause if any they have, why the same should not be allowed:

LYMAN RAWSON, Judge.

Copy, Attest—Levi Stowell, Register.

At a Court of Probate held at Paris within and for the County of Oxford, on the fourteenth day of April in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty.

LYMAN BROWN Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Richard F. Waterford, late of Waterford, in said County, deceased, having presented his second account of administration of said estate, and deceased,

Ordered,

That the said administrator give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris, in said county, on the twenty-sixth day of May next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and show cause if any they have, why the same should not be allowed:

LYMAN RAWSON, Judge.

Copy, Attest—Levi Stowell, Register.

At a Court of Probate held at Paris within and for the County of Oxford, on the fourteenth day of April in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty.

LYMAN BROWN Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Richard F. Waterford, late of Waterford, in said County, deceased,

Ordered,

That the said Executor give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris, in said county, on the twenty-sixth day of May next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and show cause if any they have, why the same should not be allowed:

LYMAN RAWSON, Judge.

Copy, Attest—Levi Stowell, Register.

At a Court of Probate held at Paris within and for the County of Oxford, on the fourteenth day of April in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty.

LYMAN BROWN Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Richard F. Waterford, late of Waterford, in said County, deceased,

Ordered,

That the said Executor give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris, in said county, on the twenty-sixth day of May next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and show cause if any they have, why the same should not be allowed:

LYMAN RAWSON, Judge.

Copy, Attest—Levi Stowell, Register.

At a Court of Probate held at Paris within and for the County of Oxford, on the fourteenth day of April in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty.

LYMAN BROWN Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Richard F. Waterford, late of Waterford, in said County, deceased,

Ordered,

That the said Executor give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris, in said county, on the twenty-sixth day of May next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and show cause if any they have, why the same should not be allowed:

LYMAN RAWSON, Judge.

Copy, Attest—Levi Stowell, Register.

At a Court of Probate held at Paris within and for the County of Oxford, on the fourteenth day of April in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty.

LYMAN BROWN Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Richard F. Waterford, late of Waterford, in said County, deceased,

Ordered,

That the said Executor give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris, in said county, on the twenty-sixth day of May next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and show cause if any they have, why the same should not be allowed:

LYMAN RAWSON, Judge.

Copy, Attest—Levi Stowell, Register.

At a Court of Probate held at Paris within and for the County of Oxford, on the fourteenth day of April in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty.

LYMAN BROWN Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Richard F. Waterford, late of Waterford, in said County, deceased,

Ordered,

That the said Executor give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris, in said county, on the twenty-sixth day of May next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and show

A Good Riddle.

"There was once, you know, a King of Castile called Don Alonso the learned; and truly I think he was more learned than wise, for he had the presumption to say, that if his counsel had been taken at the creation of the world, he could have arranged things much more conveniently than we find them; and the ancient writings tell us that God punished him for his impiety with many and grievous afflictions in his old age. Well, Don Alonso was pricking on towards Aranda at the head of a troop of lancers, when darkness overtook him near the convent of San Millan De Cogollos. Of course, it was resolved, as of common accord, to demand hospitality of the good fathers of San Millan, and the party rode up to the gates, nothing doubting they should be cordially received, and should mend their repast by emptying a few of the wine-skins of the monastery. But when they arrived at the gate, and asked for admission, the porter surely bade them be gone, supposing or pretending to suppose that they were a band of mountain outlaws come to rob the convent; and it was some time before Don Alonso's people could bring the friars to their senses, and procure admission within their walls; nor ever then, until the soldiers had begun to devise means of entering by force. The King, by this, had fallen into a towering passion which it required all the obsequiousness of the Abbot, and all the hospitable attendance of his monks, to pacify and allay. But in discussing the contents of their cellar and larder, Don Alonso came to be somewhat mollified, and thus ended, with imposing on the monks such terms as none but a book-worm and stargazer like himself would have imagined."

"Father Cayetano," said he, "you or your people have done that which I might well visit upon you to your cost; but I feel inclined to admit your humble acknowledgements, and overlook your offence; and I will do so, provided you will be prepared on the morrow before I depart, to answer me four questions. You shall tell me how much the moon weighs; how many casks it would take to hold the sea; how much the King of Castile is worth; and what I am thinking of at the time; and woe betide you and your house, if you fail to answer me correctly to all these enquiries."

"Hereupon the old King retired to rest leaving the monks sorely puzzled by the questions which he had given them for meditation; for they had abundantly more wealth than wit. They pondered in vain upon the odd fancies of the King, and morning found them as ill prepared to solve the mysterious questions as when they were first pronounced. When honest Jose, the miller of the convent, came in the morning to leave them wherewithal to furnish forth the royal table for breakfast, he found the monks full of trouble and dismay; and on learning the cause of alarm from the porter, he undertook to answer the King's questions, if they would permit him to assume the gown and tonsure. Father Cayetano saw not well what course to pursue; but reflecting, at length, that the miller was known for a shrewd and cunning varlet, and that, if he failed to satisfy the King, it might all be passed off as a matter of arraignment, he concluded to venture upon the expedient suggested by the miller. Jose, in fine, was carefully shaven, dressed in the garb of the order and presented himself at the appointed time before Don Alonso.

"Well," says the King, "how much does the moon weigh?"

"A pound," replied the miller without a moment's hesitation.

"A pound," demanded the King; "how do you make that out!"

"Why," said Jose, "the moon has four quarters, all the world knows; and four quarters make but one pound; and if you think it weighs more you are welcome to send and have it weighed."

"The King was at a loss to know what to say at this; and so he proceeded to the next question,—"How many casks would it require to hold the sea?"

"Only one, to be sure," said Jose "provided it be large enough."

It was impossible to dispute this; so the King had no alternative for it, but to put his third question:—"How much am I worth?"

"How much is the King of Castile worth?" said the miller:—"why twenty nine pieces of silver."

"Only twenty nine pieces of silver!"—cried the King, in a rage.

"Yes," said the miller, "for our Saviour was rated and sold for thirty; and I put you but one piece below our saviour."

"At this palpable evasion of his inquiry, the King began to laugh, and could do no less than put his last question:—"What am I thinking of at this moment?"

Hitherto Jose had received and answered the questions of the King with an air of mock dignity verging into broad humor; but he saw that the crisis was now at hand, and that it behoved him to take heed what he did; and it was in all humility that he replied:—"Senor, you are thinking I am the Abbot Cayetano."

"To be sure," said the King; "and who else should you be? And seeing you have answered my four questions, I suppose I must be as good as my word, and suffer your infidelity and laziness to go scot-free."

"At this, Jose fell on his knees at the feet of the King, and confessed the trick which the lured monks had fallen upon to escape from their embarrassment; and the King was highly amused by the whole affair, very freely pardoned the imposition, and took the witty miller into service; and Jose played his part so well in those times, when blows were the current coin of all castile, that some thirty or forty years afterwards the house of San Millan, in considera-

tion of a welcome addition to their glebe and vineyard, performed a bounteous allowance of masses for the spiritual repose of Don Jose de la Molina."

THE FEDERALISTS AND THE LABORERS.

In the year 1834—the panic year—a number of laborers at Thompsonville, in this State, declared they would no longer labor for their employers without an advance of their wages. They said their labor was not properly paid, and that others also, ought to be paid.

The whigs, in whose employ they were, seized these laborers, tore them from their families, and threw them into jail. Here they lay in prison among felons, and term after term were dragged into Court to defend themselves, for the crime of asking higher wages. These are facts which are in the recollection of all our citizens.

The federalists who imprisoned the laborers, and the whole party who went with them, in making it a crime to demand higher wages, are now just before election, concerned about the reduction of wages. Does any one misunderstand the object? Does any one believe that the rich employers are afraid they cannot pay their workmen sufficient compensation? The "operatives" as they call laborers in Europe—men without civil rights—who cannot vote—where the whole power is placed in the hands of the rich—where labor is regulated by law—laws made by the employers, to oppress the employed: have merely a bare subsistence given them. If they demand more, they are treated as the Federal nabobs of Thompsonville undertook to treat their laborers—as criminals.

The Thompsonville whigs cited the customs of Europe as justification and precedent for them—Labor in Europe is ground down into the dust, not by hard money, but by aristocratic wealth and power, and oppressive laws. There is an aristocratic feeling in this country, which is to be found among the whig employers—not among the democratic laborers. But the aristocracy are seeking that power may be put into their hands to take care of the democracy. The Banks want to take care of the people. The employers want to take care of the employed. The idle wish to take care of the labor. The rich wish to take care of the poor.—*Hartford Times.*

HARD CIDER.—If there be any liquor more stupefying than another, it is "hard cider." It stupefies all mental and moral faculties, and makes the drinker lazy, senseless, cross and stupid. It is ten times worse than rum or whiskey. The Indians are noted for becoming intoxicated with it, and hence the expression "cross as an Indian." They pondered in vain upon the odd fancies of the King, and morning found them as ill prepared to solve the mysterious questions as when they were first pronounced. When honest Jose, the miller of the convent, came in the morning to leave them wherewithal to furnish forth the royal table for breakfast, he found the monks full of trouble and dismay; and on learning the cause of alarm from the porter, he undertook to answer the King's questions, if they would permit him to assume the gown and tonsure. Father Cayetano saw not well what course to pursue; but reflecting, at length, that the miller was known for a shrewd and cunning varlet, and that, if he failed to satisfy the King, it might all be passed off as a matter of arraignment, he concluded to venture upon the expedient suggested by the miller. Jose, in fine, was carefully shaven, dressed in the garb of the order and presented himself at the appointed time before Don Alonso.

"Well," says the King, "how much does the moon weigh?"

"A pound," replied the miller without a moment's hesitation.

"A pound," demanded the King; "how do you make that out!"

"Why," said Jose, "the moon has four quarters, all the world knows; and four quarters make but one pound; and if you think it weighs more you are welcome to send and have it weighed."

"The King was at a loss to know what to say at this; and so he proceeded to the next question,—"How many casks would it require to hold the sea?"

"Only one, to be sure," said Jose "provided it be large enough."

It was impossible to dispute this; so the King had no alternative for it, but to put his third question:—"How much am I worth?"

"How much is the King of Castile worth?" said the miller:—"why twenty nine pieces of silver."

"Only twenty nine pieces of silver!"—cried the King, in a rage.

"Yes," said the miller, "for our Saviour was rated and sold for thirty; and I put you but one piece below our saviour."

"At this palpable evasion of his inquiry, the King began to laugh, and could do no less than put his last question:—"What am I thinking of at this moment?"

Hitherto Jose had received and answered the questions of the King with an air of mock dignity verging into broad humor; but he saw that the crisis was now at hand, and that it behoved him to take heed what he did; and it was in all humility that he replied:—"Senor, you are thinking I am the Abbot Cayetano."

"To be sure," said the King; "and who else should you be? And seeing you have answered my four questions, I suppose I must be as good as my word, and suffer your infidelity and laziness to go scot-free."

"At this, Jose fell on his knees at the feet of the King, and confessed the trick which the lured monks had fallen upon to escape from their embarrassment; and the King was highly amused by the whole affair, very freely pardoned the imposition, and took the witty miller into service; and Jose played his part so well in those times, when blows were the current coin of all castile, that some thirty or forty years afterwards the house of San Millan, in considera-

SHERIFF'S SALE.

OXFORD, ME.

PURSUANT to warrants to me directed by Alanson P. Mellen, Esq., Treasurer of the County of Oxford, requiring me to collect the same assessed in the County Tax for the year 1834, 1835, 1836, 1837, 1838 and 1839 on the following described townships or tracts of land situated in said County, (when the tax was assessed) not taxable by the Assessors of any town or plantation, which remain unpaid as follows, viz:—

Andover Surplus, West. Tax for the year 1836, \$3 45

do do 1837, 3 75

do do 1838, 2 75

do do 1839, 1 81

North half Township No 2, 4th Range, do 1836, 2 23

do do 1837, 1 81

One fourth of " 1, 6th " do 1836, 4 41

do do 1837, 4 81

North half " 1, 4th " do 1836, 2 36

do do 1837, 2 51

do do 1838, 2 69

South half " 6, " do 1837, 1 87

Part of Township Letter C, do 1834, 1 20

do do 1835, 1 75

do do 1836, 1 75

do do 1837, 1 95

do do 1838, 1 95

do do 1839, 1 60

do do 1840, 2 81

And unless paid taxes and all necessary intervening charges are paid to me, the subscriber, or before Monday the eleventh of May next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, so much of said land will then be sold at Public Vendue, at the Court House in Paris in said County as will be necessary to satisfy said taxes and charges.

Dated at Paris, this eleventh day of March, 1840.

PHILIP CLARK, Sheriff of Oxford.

31st

ON THE SMALL POX.

To the Citizens of Boston & State of Massachusetts.

SMALL POX is a complaint most attendant on childhood than at any other time of life; the human species, however, is subject to it at any period of existence. The cause of this disease does really consist in a portion of the worst kind of humor having become mixed with the circulation of the blood, either from contagion or otherwise. It is this humor which produces shivering, fever, heatiness, weariness, and pain all over the body, because the circulation is impeded, and is not removed by the bad humor. This is the first period.

The blood, in this case, as well as in all other appearance of disease, fights against these impurities, and carries them to the capillary vessels in order to cause an eruption and thus to remove these humors. This is the second period.

The skin is covered with pustules (mucous) in more or less quantity according to the previous health or unhealthiness of the body. After these pustules come out, the fever subsides, in about ten or twelve days dry off and fall into the third period.

"The Small Pox is deadly or mild, according to the malignity of the contagion or the bad nature of the humors of the patient: if he was sickly before, and his humor in a corrupt state, he is infinitely more exposed danger than if he had enjoyed health before the attack; for the blood being weighed down by the previous corrupt state of the humors, has not the power to resist the disease; and in this case the result must, therefore, be death. The preventive and preventive course has been employed in the third period cannot take place in consequence of the blood not having the power to throw the humors out, but the skin purges.

31st to 1st

The Preventive Course.

When the contagion has spread in the City or Country, the sooner every one commences purifying his body by purgation, the better, and should any of the above symptoms present, the better, and the physician will prescribe the Pilla.

It is to be used as a powerful emetic, purging, purifying, and removing the bad humor, and the patient will get rid of the disease, no matter how called, and the object in view as to the disease will be the same. At the second period, and while the fever continues, even if the various eruption takes place, the Pilla must be continued so as to produce good evacuation daily.

The course will not only insure the life of the patient, but will also prevent the disease from being made more malignant than it is.

By thus evacuating the excessive serosity of the humors which produce heat in the skin and cause such excessive itching, the eruption will leave no marks upon the skin, and the patient cured by this practice will be equally free from danger.

And in case of any new attack of pain, or any signs of relapse from cold or otherwise, the purgation must be repeated in the interval of the drying of the skin.

By thus evacuating the excessive serosity of the humors which produce heat in the skin and cause such excessive itching, the eruption will leave no marks upon the skin, and the patient cured by this practice will be equally free from danger.

It is to be used as a powerful emetic, purging, purifying, and removing the bad humor, and the patient will get rid of the disease, no matter how called, and the object in view as to the disease will be the same.

If the principle of purgation were but well understood no one would be afraid of the Small Pox any more than of a common cold.

There would be no fear of either the disease either—people would be too wise then, they would know that all the disorders would be removed EFFECTUALLY and without danger by simply evacuating the bowel and thus purifying the blood until the disease was cured.

Three days or four days of this practice, however many weeks, months, or, perhaps years, of sicknessness it may not prevent the disease, it will not be exposed to the different inconveniences which are so often the consequences of this disease.

If the principle of purgation were but well understood no one would be afraid of the Small Pox any more than of a common cold.

There would be no fear of either the disease either—people would be too wise then, they would know that all the disorders would be removed EFFECTUALLY and without danger by simply evacuating the bowel and thus purifying the blood until the disease was cured.

Three days or four days of this practice, however many weeks, months, or, perhaps years, of sicknessness it may not prevent the disease, it will not be exposed to the different inconveniences which are so often the consequences of this disease.

It is to be used as a powerful emetic, purging, purifying, and removing the bad humor, and the patient will get rid of the disease, no matter how called, and the object in view as to the disease will be the same.

It is to be used as a powerful emetic, purging, purifying, and removing the bad humor, and the patient will get rid of the disease, no matter how called, and the object in view as to the disease will be the same.

It is to be used as a powerful emetic, purging, purifying, and removing the bad humor, and the patient will get rid of the disease, no matter how called, and the object in view as to the disease will be the same.

It is to be used as a powerful emetic, purging, purifying, and removing the bad humor, and the patient will get rid of the disease, no matter how called, and the object in view as to the disease will be the same.

It is to be used as a powerful emetic, purging, purifying, and removing the bad humor, and the patient will get rid of the disease, no matter how called, and the object in view as to the disease will be the same.

It is to be used as a powerful emetic, purging, purifying, and removing the bad humor, and the patient will get rid of the disease, no matter how called, and the object in view as to the disease will be the same.

It is to be used as a powerful emetic, purging, purifying, and removing the bad humor, and the patient will get rid of the disease, no matter how called, and the object in view as to the disease will be the same.

It is to be used as a powerful emetic, purging, purifying, and removing the bad humor, and the patient will get rid of the disease, no matter how called, and the object in view as to the disease will be the same.

It is to be used as a powerful emetic, purging, purifying, and removing the bad humor, and the patient will get rid of the disease, no matter how called, and the object in view as to the disease will be the same.

It is to be used as a powerful emetic, purging, purifying, and removing the bad humor, and the patient will get rid of the disease, no matter how